

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Do It Live!"

(feat. Blaq Poet, Skarlet Rose & Presto)

*[Bill O'Reilly]*

"I can't do it... we'll do it live"  
"WE'LL DO IT LIVE, FUCK IT!" "Do it live!"  
"Look, I'll write it and we'll do it live!"  
"Fucking thing SUCKS!"

*[Blaq Poet]*

It's a slaughter nigga, Mickey & Mallory style  
Y'all niggaz is dead, and people callin me foul  
Cross you off the list, and chuck you over in a pile  
Let's get this shit settled, right here and right now  
I got this hard shit, in a smash  
I'm about the cash; stop lookin nigga, I'm the last  
motherfucker you gon' meet like this  
Turn your day pitch black, like I clicked the light switch  
The beat is nickle plated, one up in the chamber  
In the clip the remainder, blastin off in anger  
The Blaq Monsta, strike like the black mamba  
Have y'all motherfuckers runnin home to your momma  
Stay in yo' fuckin place, you know that I'm the ace  
If not, get the taste smacked out your fuckin face  
Everything I say, I mean it  
I'm the black motherfucker, straight outta Queensbridge

"We'll do it live"

*[Skarlit Rose]*

Streets is gritty, drama in the city  
We askin God for mercy but he showin you no pity  
You're hopin for a miracle, when your faith is cynical  
The only thing that matter to you is if you had your pistol full  
Sit back, uncontrolled rages  
Over y'all taxes, playin on different stages  
Rotten lives, speeches be contagious, who we are  
Cats who die, they don't make it too far  
We're quick to talk about things we shoulda done and never did it  
Things we started, and never finished  
We watch our children look at us with empty wishes  
They growin up with no restrictions, I wonder why  
Miscommunications, across the great states  
Blood flows down heaven's gates as we await our torturous fates  
Crimson, for all to see  
But only those with knowledge seem to see it biblically  
It's a harsh reality, placed in wise mentality  
Unholy matrimones, your true voice is true phonies  
Shadows creepin while you're sleepin

Young widows weepin, trustin these cats when you meet them  
This teach men before they descend  
Enter Nostradamus philosophy well fuck that, listen to my prophecy  
Well your blood run, now you're enemies  
You choose your path, now face your penalties  
No more gettin high, and drinkin Hennessy  
It's a new world ordered, not meant for humanity

*[Presto]*

I got that hazardous flow kids sniff with various cokeheads  
Y'all cats are halfway out the closet like Mario Lopez  
My infallible flow is sicker than subliminal phallic symbols  
of Walt Disney motion picture posters  
Sac section rises, sick as Opus, fixin the focus  
The scope of the magnum at whichever nigga's standin the closest  
Your amateur flow is not compatible to my notes its  
like Kanye I snatch your mic for thinkin that you so swift  
The magical melatonin omen roamin in the wide open  
Breast strokin in the fiery ocean, token on cyanide  
When I was smokin, I saw both of my eyes explodin  
Mind frozen with bad breath from goin into ketosis  
Nebaru geneticists, medieval torture methods  
Military weapons, botchilist, decoding Hebraic messages  
Nuyorican native, reincarnated, in the form of Satan  
The ladies, in a meditative state, sedated  
Inundated with the latest, my speech is upgraded  
Y'all niggaz ain't seein me, like the thong on Aretha Franklin  
Why am I so lyrical? Cause your rhymes are limited  
like a cockeyed cyclops who loses periphreal  
Attack mics, split backs like the passion of Christ  
My passion for what I write is like a massive appetite

*[Canibus]*

The appetite of Megaladon, pumping steroids in his arm  
His upper torso is bigger than yours  
Brave men will die, women will cry over the genocide  
But don't cry, dry.. your eye  
My left brain twenty percent, my right brain is more than that  
My pituitary gland is on crack  
That's why they barely understand where I'm at  
And while I rap, they say it's whack  
It's not wise to react, why is that?  
Cause consciously I'm black, subconsciously I'm darker than that  
The most controversial artist in rap  
When I step with my lyrics, I force them to fall back  
I was wounded in combat, and still crawled back ("Do it live!")  
Do it right the first time, I don't ever have to do it again  
Unless I rehearse it again and again  
Rotating floating spheres like clockwork rotating gears  
Counter-clockwise collating what you hear  
Over here, don't repeat what you heard, just remember what you learned  
Remember the last time you got burned  
Qualitative analysis is not enough to quantify Canibus

But do it live if you think you can handle this  
*[gunshot fires]*